

Gen. Sherman sent on Armistice neck and woe.

Sec. Harris doesn't seem to have arrived at Washington yet.

If the Bulgarians will find Charley Ross well guaranteed he will take the throne.

Progressive eulogy has progressed as far as Columbia. Where's Sam Jones?

Mr. Henri! Watterson has repeated the report of Secretary of the Treasury Manning.

Bob went in by a total majority of 17,791. Al! went out by the total depravity of his party.

Booms evolve also—boomlet, boom, boomerang. It's a terrible disease in its last stage.

The Lawrenceburg railroad will be built on to Sheffield at once. The contracts will soon be let.

"The older inhabitant" tickled himself to death with an almanac when the four-foot snow struck East Tennessee.

Mr. Henri! Watterson has already repeated that part of the president's message relating to steamship subsidies.

Sheffield is bound to out-do Birmingham. A furnace is under contract to turn out iron. Pig is too small for Sheffield.

The gentlemanly incendiary who is expected to set fire to the Columbia county is hereby authorized to draw on us sight for a chunk of fire.

Columbia will build a \$32,000 furnace. There's this advantage in these small furnaces: you can move them on a wheelbarrow and follow the ore vein.

A meeting of the society for the suppression of unearned military titles was recently held. Col. Laps McCord was elected president and Col. John Littleton Secretary—Banzer.

The Bulgarians have at last found a sinner who is willing to take their thrice. He is a young fellow named Ferdinand Saxe-Coburg. They will now probably proceed to run him in.

The speaker Saturday appointed Senator Harris a member of the committee on the "Fractional Gallon" bill. The great senator is an adept in disposing of fractional gallons, from two to six fingers.

The chaplain in the opening prayer in the house Monday is represented as having "strongly" referred to the deaths of Representatives Beach and Arnot." We have no doubt the Lord had already heard of it.

Mrs. E. W. Cole gave a Nashville church \$25 and they published a card of thanks in the American. We knew a comparatively poor young man in Nashville who gave \$800 to a church and not a darned card did he get.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland will take pleasure in sending her photograph to all new babies named after her dear baby. Parties with babies to name will do well to consider this before piling further disgrace on the name of G. Washington and A. Jackson.

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The Colonel Takes a Say.
The Banner.
Laps, McCord has determined to put a stop to the boom in military titles. He insists that there are too many colons in the country who did not win their titles amidst the booming of cannon and rattle of musketry, and he calls loudly for a suppression of the manufacture of military honors for peaceful civilians. Col. McCord—we use the title cautiously, but admittedly will no longer recognize a colonel who can't produce his military commission. If he should enter heaven—an altogether conjectural contingency—he would decline an introduction to a colonel who would have been ours but for this Hurd. Democracy would have swept the whole country if these men had not crammed the party with this free trade craze. Hurd is one of the ablest of them and his own people set down on him. We want to say it now so we may be first (for all of us will say it after the election) that this unwarranted imputation of free trade proclivities to the party will be the cause if we are elected. Democracy always has been for incidental protection and when we allow a few grannies to crowd us off into free trade we are simply murdering ourselves. Hurd ought to go and so ought Carlisle and Morrison. Democracy is not for men who bring her nothing but defeat."

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The American is actually talking about the "New South" in the "New Era," the "new" order of things at the south, and other like expressions that tell of southern progress and development. It will open its eyes soon also to the fact that southern democracy keeps its hands on the reins of the machine and it will yet come to speak of "progressive democracy" and glory in its advanced ideas and its ever-expanding adaptability to progressive surroundings and new conditions.

It took a month for Stewart county to send in the election returns, and the whole of man and beast, less than the height and depth of the boomness of Bob's boom. A sheriff who delays thus ought to be anathema (whatever that is). The next canvass the state committee publish in advance that the sheriff who comes in behind with his returns shall be murdered and otherwise maltreated.

At Ringgold, Ga., the farmers became infuriated on account of repeated robberies and incendiarism and Saturday they caught two negro thieves and hung them. Mob force then way in, when they captured five live negroes and two dead ones. Our Mr. Pinkerton was in the melee.

The defeated candidate always finds a bug in the meal. Allen Thorndike Rice was defeated for North American Review and descriptions of the horrible monsters he encountered in his perilous voyage through the deadly ballot-box.

Five policemen surrounded a negro gambling den in Birmingham Tuesday night and the negroes blew out the light and began firing. The officers returned the fire and forced their way in, when they captured five live negroes and two dead ones. Our Mr. Pinkerton was in the melee.

In animadverting upon colons and counterfeited colons last week we did Col. Duncan B. Cooper of the American a grave injustice in classing him with the bogus kind. Col. Cooper is a real and true cavalry in the confederate army and served with distinction. He is yet a brave, generous man.

The republicans induced the negroes to deposit their earnings with them for safe-keeping and they gutted the bank. Now a democratic president recommends congress to pay back to the negroes the money repudiated. And still the negroes persist in voting with republican thieves.

Adam Badeau's letters about himself are interesting. He seems to have been on hugging terms with all the lords and ladies of England in particular, as he has never mentioned a single man on either hemisphere without giving some incident in which "I" figured in closest intimacy with him. Adam is the blottedest toady of forty centuries.

It was reported in Nashville last week that John Littleton had told the truth about the little train. His friends were coming the town for the man who started the infamous slander, and John backed away off in East Tennessee to get a good start to tell an earthshaking, foot-dragging, blood-sucking lie that will peel the bark off of Joe Mulhatton's veracity, and thus redeem his own reputation as the Liberator of forty centuries. Look out for his Sunday-school Review Saturday.

Our supreme court is rushing business in a whoop. Not a single written opinion had been delivered up to Saturday. The old court used to deliver a voluminous written opinion in every case. The new court rattles off by the dozens old musty cases that have been hanging there for years. It is said by Judge Caldwell that the court is the first "true" judge who ever sat on the sombre old pulpit whence justice is dispensed, and that Judge Snodgrass shoots questions at lawyers like a Japanese juggler, who has been thrown into a hole and been butchered by so that Tennessee cannot bequest their lawsuits to their great-grandchildren.

A friend at Louisville sends us the following editorial clipped from THE CITIZEN of Oct. 23, 1884. He says: "In looking over the files of THE CITIZEN I find an editorial on the political situation that looks like prophecy. It would be to use again—sorter 'told you so, you know!'"

GOOD BYE, MR. HURD.
"The idiotic course of Morrison, Carlisle & Co. at Washington last winter and the senseless twaddle of the Southern Union, constituted the only drawback upon democratic success